

TAGORE NUMBER  
**YOUNG INDIA**

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No. 12

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Rabindranath Tagore  
on  
**India's Struggle for Freedom**

Tagore—An Appreciation  
*By S. K. Ratchiff*

Tagore—the Man  
*By J. T. Sunderland*

**Tagore's Boys' School**

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# YOUNG INDIA

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## Editorial Notes

### Patriotism

Said Patrick Henry: "Give me Liberty or give me death." We call this an utterance of public patriotism.

Said the great son of India, Ram Mohan Roy, "I would be free, or not be at all." Is not that also an utterance of patriotism?

### Words of Cheer for India

What do you suppose will satisfy the soul, except to walk free and wear no superior?

Liberty is to be achieved, whatever means."

WHITMAN.

"And what shall the glow we seek,  
Or find we life, if freedom fail?"

EMERSON.

### Why England Should Give India Freedom

Said James Russell Lowell in his famous address in England on "Democracy": "It is cheaper in the long run to lift men up than to hold them down, and the ballot in their hands is less dangerous than a sense of wrong in their heads."

### Why America Should Sympathize

Does any one ask why America should sympathize with India's struggle for freedom? Here is the answer:

Men, whose heart it is that ye  
Crown of freedom leave and free,  
If there be as such a slave  
Are ye truly free and brave?  
If ye do not feel the chain  
When it works another's pain,  
Are ye not less driven and led,  
Slaves unwittingly to be freed?  
Is true freedom but to know  
Freedom for our own dear sake,  
And, with hardened hearts, forget  
That they ever made a debt?

Nat true freedom is to share  
All the chains our brothers wear,  
And, with heart and hand, to be  
Freed as <sup>well</sup> others free.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### The Philippines and India

Does it the first thing the United States did? We returned the Philippines was to throw out Spain. At that time the drug habit was widespread, with serious effects everywhere. We banished the traffic, root and branch.

It is Gaiety Bazaar, however, opens from India! On the contrary, against the interest and constant protest of the Indian people she has made India the leading square producing money of the world, not only encouraging its sale there and deriving a great revenue therefrom, but shipping it in quantities to all parts of the Empire and causing no sale wherever the Indian political camp.

### Tageer's Plays in New York

We are glad to be able to say that plays have been made for the rendition of two of Dr. Tageer's plays—"The Fan Office" and "Sacrifice"—in New York, at the Grand Theatre, on December 10, 11, 12 and 13. These plays have been given with great success in London and should meet with even greater success here. "The Fan Office" is declared by the London Christian Guardian, edited by an article given at the first night. "On 'Sacrifice' the London Daily Chronicle says: "It is a fascinating performance and from the dramatic point of view may certainly be described as Rabindranath Tagore's masterpiece. Especially beautiful in its structure, it has the severity of form and the searching sensibility of a Greek tragedy. In the tremendous love drama all characters are drawn with amazing simplicity and mastery."

### Indian Plays in London

Eight years ago (in 1904) a society called "The Young of East and West" was instituted in London for the purpose of providing a common ground for

the meeting of the East and the West in the fields of Art, Philosophy, Literature, Music and the Drama. Its object particularly was to introduce to the English people the rich products of the genius of India in these various lines. Much has been accomplished by the society. Short on funding, not fewer than twenty-six different dramas from Indian literature have been played before English audiences, besides much Indian music. It is the society that has produced the plays of Dr. Tageer in London and other British cities. When will New York have such a society to introduce to America the creations of India's genius that Americans now know so little about?

### Indian Labor Must Organize

The following is taken from a private letter written by an Indian leader at present in Europe. Says the writer in part:

"In no country is labor more exploited than in India. Perhaps there is a ray of light on the dark skin the heavily weighted and long suffering workers are at last beginning to assert themselves. Word is coming to me from India constantly of more and more strikes. These strikes will be put down by force here, but the awakening is there. What is needed in India is not physical resistance, punch, bomb, bloody revolution, or anything of that kind, but more than ever organization,—trained working men to go among the workers every where, on the mills and factories and in the agricultural regions, and organize all the labor of the country for self-protection. The organization must be largely

for economic ends. Exploited as soon as the organization has increased to a certain degree of perfection and strength, the British Government of the country will begin to persecute it as political and revolutionary. But Governmental persecution will only strengthen it. Moreover, persecution will attract the attention and sympathy of the laboring classes in other countries, and it will be seen that our struggle is a part of a great world movement to set labor free. Striking will do us no good. Nothing will help us much but joined hands. Our word everywhere must be Organize! Organize! The whole Indian nation, but especially all Indians in the West, must organize. Here is our strength. We can make ourselves invulnerable if we will organize and stand together."

### "The Rising Tide of Color"

Mr. Lothrop Stoddard has written a book which is attracting considerable attention, but which everybody who deplores race hatreds and race antagonisms, and who cares for human brotherhood and would pour most pronounced thrumingly kind. Its title is "The Rising Tide of Color Among White World Supremacy" (Charles Scribner's Sons). The volume has an Introduction by Madison Grant, author of "The Passing of a Great Race." The present work, like that of Mr. Grant, is really an argument to prove that the "white" race is superior to all the other races and therefore has a right to dominate them and to exterminate and hold for its own all the lower parts of the world, that the other races, notably the negroes and

the yellow, are showing increasing signs of not being willing to be dominated and have their territory taken from them, and therefore that the white race must make small, wise, in a race-wide alliance, make itself strong by every means in its power, arm itself to the teeth of steel, be, to preserve its dominance, to hold the territory, and the world-power that it now possesses, and to crowd back the other races into the inferior parts of the earth. The spirit of the book is exactly that of those perverse Germans often claimed that they were "supermen," and that their Kultur was superior to everything else in the world and therefore had a right to force itself on all people. The book's spirit is exactly that of the German motto: *Deutschland über Alles*. Mr. Stoddard would simply change the wording to read: *White race über Alles*. But why should one race dominate all others any more than our nation should dominate all others? While warning us against the danger in the future of our own race-run of a most terrible nature—Mr. Stoddard fills his book with the very kind of ideas that tend to put the men of the world against one another and thus make race war inevitable. He does not seem to have the common sense that the way and the only possible way to avoid race war is to cultivate the spirit of justice, to have mutual appreciation and mutual helpfulness between the various races,—in a word, race-brotherhood. Why is he so one-sided in this matter? And if the white race is superior to the others, as he claims, then why does he not see that it is the white man's voluntary to lead currently and everywhere in the civilization, and all of progress

and superstition, but of race brotherhood. *Madness strikes*. One would think that he had never heard of Jesus Christ, or of any principle of Christian civilization, or of any religion but the very basest kind of paganism.

The author of this book shows some scholarship, some scientific knowledge, especially in the fields of geography, history, ethnology, and anthropology (or more properly anthropogeography). But if it is scientific knowledge, it is science used, and in many cases twisted, to prove a thesis, to establish a position. He cites a great number of facts such as this to support. But he does not tell us that there is a vast array of facts of a very different nature, which when brought to light cancel in many cases very different conclusions from those drawn by him.

Of the different skin-white races of the world he is harshest toward the yellow and the brown, and the most tolerant toward the black. He denies that the negro has ever of himself attained anything in the direction of civilization that is worthy of mention. None (or appearance) could hardly be greater.

### Non-Cooperation in India

The question at the present time before the Indian people which occupies all others in importance and in public interest, is that of Co-operation or Non-Cooperation with the British Government of the country. As we reported in our last issue, the Special Session of the Indian National Congress held in Calcutta in September voted by a large majority to support the Non-Cooperation measures proposed by Mr. Gandhi.

At once a movement began on a large scale to carry the measures into effect. Of course that was and is strongly condemned by the British Indian Government, by the British press in India and by the imperialists and conservatives here in England. There is also some opposition to it on the part of the more conservative or so-called "moderate" party among the Indian politicians. But the movement seems to be making steady headway. The latest word at hand from Mr. Gandhi is a report contained in "The Democrate," of Allahabad (October 27), of an address which he had just delivered. Says the report:

"Mr. Gandhi opened his lecture this has evening, reminding the mass as reported at Calcutta at the Special Session of the Congress. After the most anxious thought over the matter he will hold that non-cooperation was the only road for the attainment of the country's liberties, and that the programme adopted at Calcutta was the best. He had been asked whether he wanted separation from the Empire. He admitted that separation from the British Empire had no place in the Non-Cooperation programme, but it was necessary to distinguish. His object was the attainment of Indian liberty. If the present Government purified itself, and the people rose to the occasion, and the Government and its officers treated Indians as equals, the connection may continue. But it must be made clear that the people were masters, and the Government their servants. If the people were treated as equals and partners, well and good. But if the Government and the British people claimed to be the masters, he would not tolerate it for a minute, nor would

he allow them any equal rank of Indian land. There were two conditions necessary for the attainment of Indian freedom. First there was Hindu-Muslim unity. He appealed to them to be mutually tolerant. Being a Hindu, he could appeal to the Hindu more freely. They must love and trust the Mahomedans, which they could do even though lacking love of right orthodox. The second condition was the success of the Non-Cooperation movement. It was the best and the only remedy. He did not believe in violence, and violence will not mitigate but only aggravate our ills. The Government had broken its pledges in reference to the Khilafat; the Government had been guilty of outrage in the Punjab. The Government had not expected. Under the present system the people cannot prevent men from going to Mississippi, and destroying the freedom of small nations. Association with such a Government was idle. It was a Government which had passed the Rowlatt Act, it was a Government which had broken its pledges in reference to the Khilafat; it was a Government which had set up the infamous martial law tribunals; it was a Government which had made their children leave before the Union Jack. To associate with such a Government, to sit in its Councils or to send their children to its schools would, he believed, be a deadly sin."

Further light is thrown upon the present situation by a communication published in the London weekly "India," of November 29, from its Bombay correspondent. Says the correspondent:

"The sentiment that Indians should

equally and effectively have nothing to do with the British Government in India is gaining ground in quarters where it was once expected to take root. While holders are relinquishing their gold and silver badges of dignified slavery, lawlessness and abominations of recognized slavery and degrading superstition, with incomes which sometimes go as high as £2,000 a month, no less on refusing to appear before the Indian Civil Service judges, whom late and the British connection with India have put in the position of having to decide upon intricate points of Hindu law, students and professors are leaving to disorganize the Government schools and colleges. Arabians, Armenians, Coons are being formed, and the even in the Non-Cooperation programme adhering to the boycott of foreign goods is having the positive and beneficial effect, that there has been a great revival of the handloom industry and a greater desire to use Swadeshi goods."

\* \* \*

At the first All-India Trade Union Congress which was held in October last a committee was appointed to formulate a constitution for a Labor Federation of India. The proposed organization will have a net worth of assets in all industries, on field and factory. It aims to have a body of 5,000,000 completely organized workers, to be utilized in helping the political movement in India, particularly in its policy of boycott of British trade.

Mr. V. R. Acharya of Madras has been elected President of the December 1921 Congress to be held in Nagpur.

## Rabindranath Tagore

By E. K. RAYCHUR



*Rabindranath Tagore*

By Western people generally the greatness of India in the sphere of imaginative literature is assumed to be anterior of the past. We know nothing of modern Indian thought, except when it finds expression in English, and Indian as living Indian has set himself the task of revealing to the European reader something of the spiritual world in which his beliefs are moving. Hence the unique importance of the portrait and other writings of Mr. Rabindranath Tagore—the first fruits in English of a genius that has long been recognised and revered throughout India, long known at the utterance of a noble personality, with which, during the past seven or eight years, England and America have begun to make acquaintance.

Mr. Tagore is the most eminent of the present-day Indian men of letters, and while his product has been ever-ready, full and varied, embracing stories, religious and philosophical essays, and much else, in prose, he is first of all a poet—a lyric and dramatic poet.

It may be well for the sake of those to whom even the name Tagore is unfamiliar, to say something at the outset of the poet himself, and the remarkable stock from which he springs.

The Tagores have long held the pre-eminent position among the Brahmins (caste of Bengal). There has been the intellectual leadership in the province for many generations. In the early days of British rule, while some members of the clan were building up the family fortunes, others were taking the lead in establishing western education, or were

laying down law in justice, medicine, to persons of likest standing.

The poet's grandfather was a "Prince" (Dewan) Nuth Tagore, known in his day as the first citizen of Calcutta. He was merchant, educationist, and social reformer, an honored member of the British Government, the friend and associate of Queen Victoria, founder of the Brahmo Samaj (the Theistic Church of India), and like him destined to die and be buried in England.

The son of this powerful and splendid person was the poet's father, Michaelis Dwendee Nuth, who assumed a still greater and more enduring fame, though it did not extend beyond his own country and race. Despite the hereditary of his religious creed, he was his class apart half a century venerated as saint and sage by millions of his countrymen. The Michaelis raised nothing for Anglo-Indians. His life was dedicated upon the Indian model, it was moulded at the springs of ancient Indian wisdom and arranged to a purely Indian ideal, and his principal work was the consolidation, in close alliance for some years with Keshub Chunder Sen, of the Church which his father had helped to found and which he himself had proved all with a fervent and real.

The influence, therefore, that have gone by the making of Rabindranath Tagore, the typical writer and thinker of modern Bengal, have been many. He is rare in the prime of life, a man, at times who have made his acquaintance in England and America knows of his powerful speech and noble presence. His

latterly life of ascending freshwaters, rising up ever more than thirty-five years, has given him a place of an challenged supremacy in Bengali literature and culture. There is in the Tagore family a tradition of European scholarship, but the poet of Bengal has not sought, in many of his predecessors and contemporaries have done, to see English as his primary medium of expression. He writes mainly in Bengali, his own vernacular, and he has had his reward. His poems have become part of the common heritage of his compatriots. His songs are sung throughout a great region peopled by a race outnumbering the inhabitants of the British Isles. His plays represent the high water mark of the modern literary drama in India. He is acclaimed also as a master of prose fiction. His novels and innumerable short stories reach an enormous public through cheap editions and the Bengali magazines, as also do his essays. These last, for ringing as these, are valuable chiefly as giving scope for a free intelligence, looking back and forward in the sphere of social sciences and ethical experiments. Their beauty of style and abundance of wit have brought them as close an enthusiastic follow-up among the younger generation of Bengal. In this respect, one might be bold to say the position of his father, the Mahabharata, and his poems, which have been freely given to the service of the Indian Church. The three main wings of Rabindranath Tagore have crossed clearly into the religious life of the informed Hindu community; you hear them sung in every Indian house-hold.

Mr. Tagore's personal genius appears most fresh, spontaneous and fresh, perhaps, in the lyrics. Upon the English

reader a note by the same musician left by the lyrics will be that of a wonderfully direct and effortless expression of profound things. "To my delinquency of life in this silent and overflowing house" is the poet's own statement of his purpose, and as you read you are possessed by one feeling above all—the conviction that only in a large, simple, and unobscured life, in an atmosphere of meditation and self-contemplation, could such poems as these have come to birth at all. The work of a supreme culture, they yet appear as much the growth of the common soil as the grain and the rushes. They number many hundreds in all, and most are intensely distasteful in character. Brief quotations can give hardly any indication of their quality, and the poems writer can only hope that the two or three passages he has chosen will have the effect of leading many readers to the volumes themselves.

The words embodied therein are many, but the attitude is one. It is the attitude of profound acceptance and acceptance to all divine influences. "Oh, life," he cries, "let me make my life simple and straight, like a flute of wood for thee to fill with music." At times he seems to protest against the suggestion that the poet who, in the great hall of activity has only what he calls a contentment, is merely the idle singer of an empty time. "Do, by day," he says, "I am making me worthy of the simple great gods. But thou givest to me counsel—thou do and the light, the body and the life and the mind—among our three perils of ever much doing." Mr. Yeats quotes a fellow contemporary of the poet's saying "He is the first among our poets who has not refused to live, but has spoken out of life in-

self, and no one can fail to remark, to almost every page into the thought to almost a complete harmony, in this first flower of Indian culture, between the poet and the cause, the active and the contemplative interposition of duty. Thus the secret call of his heart to the heroic life evokes the response."

"Delinquency is not but an unconscious. I feel the coherence of freedom in the thousand kinds of delight."

"Thou art painted for me the fresh drapings of the west of various colors and fragrances, filling the northern vessel to the brim."

"My world will light in hundreded delirious lamps with thy flame and place them before the altar of thy temple."

"No I will never share the dawn of my sunset. The delight of night and hearing and touch will leave thy delight."

"Yes, all my dreams will burn into

flamestones of joy, and all my dreams upon into flames of love."

In all of Mr. Tagore's writings, whether poetry or prose, or final strong and warm sense of human brotherhood. The following from the *Gitanjali* is a good illustration:

"Have it thy destined and there not thy first where from the poorest, and lowliest, and last."

"When I try to love to thee, my absence cannot reach down to where thy feet rest among the poorest, and lowliest, and last."

"Fate can never approach to where thou walkest in the darkness of the heart, but among the poorest, and lowliest, and last."

"My heart can never find its way to where thou lopest company with the commonness among the poorest, the lowliest, and the last."

## Tagore,—the Man

By J. T. S. S. S. S.

How does Mr. Tagore look? Some of our readers have seen him, and therefore can answer the question for themselves. The excellent picture of him which we reproduce in the number of *Young India* gives us good an idea of his personal appearance is perhaps a possible to convey by a portrait. However, it may not be without interest if we attempt a little in the way of description.

In his younger years he was strikingly handsome, so much so that persons on the street would stop to gaze at him. Now that he is between 50 and 60 years of age, you would not perhaps call him handsome, but you would describe

his appearance as striking and attractive. He is tall, his eyes are about the same hue as that of the average American, his features are refined but strong, his hair long and wavy but, his beard and his moustache are streaked with gray, his eyes smile you as distinctly that and luminous, his expression of countenance is one of cheerfulness, self-control, and quiescence of spirit,—at the same time it is very womanly. His voice is quiet and low in pitch, somewhat, but in public speaking it is clear, much higher in pitch, and it carries to the utmost parts of large halls. His personality is gentle, but it is powerfully in grip upon

This you tell at once on entering his presence privately or leaving him apart to a public assembly. He is in no more commonplace. He stands on his own feet, thinks his own thoughts, feels the expression of his own unique growth, "follows the gleam" as he sees it, "finds his way to a star" and offers no apology for so doing, walks his own path without much concern for what the crowd thinks or says. He finds joy in books, noble books, but, even greater joy still in nature; he draws children to him by his sincerity and the warmth of his love that shines out from his deepening eyes.

He is habitually serious, yet a sweet bright humor apples like a fresh rose' his serious thought and gleam as all a woodland human charm. He very seldom laughs from himself whenever he is—not glancing aside, but laughing that is powerful, warm, life giving, yet gliding. By his very presence he lifts you up, and makes the whole world seem beautiful, and life seem something great, and duty, even the humblest duty, more attractive and true than the highest thing in the universe and God seem very near and very dear.

If Mr. Tagore is a thinker and a singer, still more so he a worshipper. To him worship is the most sacred thing in the world, and the highest.

## Tagore's Boys' School

There is nothing in which Dr. Tagore takes a deeper interest than in his boys' school which he has been carrying on for nearly twenty years. He believes that the salvation of India, as of every

believe, scripture, dreamer depends that the human and the divine.

Now, in his thought, a worship can find its churches or temples or set places or set times. Rather to him the living and living men invite to worship, as do evening shadows, as do the stars that shine in the deep sky, as do the solemn sea, as does the falling dew-drop on the grass, as does the opening flower, as does all the beauty of the world, as most of all, do the deep yearnings and aspirations of the human heart.

In the London story heard in one of our Camps, of the Wise Men who came from the East to see the babe Jesus at Bethlehem, we read that when they had spread their treasures, they presented unto the child "gold, frankincense and myrrh." The Wise Men who has come to us from the East is very modest about opening his treasures, but when any of us of the burning West are wise enough to desire them, and can step long enough in our rush to learn, he is ready to present to us some very precious gifts, of spiritual gold, frankincense and myrrh—sacred riches of which that he believes, and I believe, are of incomparably more value than many of the things which we run after as eagerly, only to find in the end that we have "spent our money for that which is not bread, and our labor for that which satisfied not."

country, must be found in education. He has long given great attention to education, and his ideas on the subject are of the most advanced character. While he is deeply interested in imparting cul-

tural knowledge to his boys, above everything else he aims to make them vigorous, independent, unassuming, humble, manly men, free bodies, sound, moral and religious nature trained and developed, and their lives dedicated to the service of God, truth, their fellow men and their beloved motherland, India.

Mr. Tagore says of himself: "My life has been devoted to writing poetry and teaching boys." Of his school, which is in the country, he says: "In many ways it is different from any other school in the world. Americans will probably call it outrageously new. The boys in my school love to study. They run the fields. They gather wildflowers. They sit in the branches of giant trees reading their books and listening to the songs of birds. They are up every morning to breathe the crisp air and see the sun rise. Fifteen minutes in the morning and fifteen minutes in the evening they meditate. They remain quiet and meet the power of all spiritual, even though, instead of contemplating God, some of the little fellows may be searching a bird hopping from twig to twig."

When Mr. Ramsey MacDonald, M. P., of England, visited India before the war, he took special pains to see the school. In an account of it which he wrote for the London Chronicle he said:

"On my way from Delhi to Calcutta I spent a day at the Shantiniketan (literally the Abode of Peace), near Bolpur, where Rabindranath Tagore has his school. From the Bolpur railway station, just for a mile through the village and across the plain beyond, I was driven, and found my right's halting place in a

large house hidden among great trees, the house of Mr. Tagore.

"Half a century ago, Mahadevi Desbandopadhyay Tagore, the poet's father, finding that no sufficient attention to the affairs of the world was not paid for the soul, sought some secluded spot where he might occasionally retreat for solitary meditation, and under the shelter of trees that grew here he found it. Here he could sit with nothing but the trees, the fields and the sky in sight and think of them, who according to the carving on the marble were and pillars which were made the spot, "in order the rest of my heart, the peace of my mind, and the joy of my soul." Here he built a house where the devout might dwell while on devotional silence, and a kind of a chapel where for about forty years prayers were said daily. But on one came here except the Tagores, and it looked as though the place like no other, another place in India, was to tell out about such men who built and endowed."

"But his son, Rabindranath, desired otherwise. A garden of trees had grown up round the house. The area of shaded ground had expanded, and here he proposed to build a school. Thus, since 1901, the voices of children have broken the solitude of the place. Dormitories detached with grass were built and were filled. Masters' houses appeared in old-world places, and red and purple creepers covered them. The scene became playing fields. When I was there about two boys and six masters were in the schoolhouse.

"It is difficult to explain the feelings which permeate who goes to work at Shantiniketan. They have nothing to do with Government, their staff is not official.

these systems is not an external mechanical routine.

"These habits lean upon herself and upon their herself. There is no attempt made to impose something foreign, to suggest as to dress, as economy to guard their methods by their instructions. The teachers are Indian, Indian in their thought, in their habits, in their sympathies, in their dress. Government and has been refused because the conditions under which it would be given could not be acceptable. 'They would have made my boys sit on benches,' said Mr. Tagore with a quiet smile, 'whereas, I think it far better that they should sit on mats under the trees.' Hence it has been deferred upon; it has been put on the police. Much later attempts have been made to suppress it; it has been the subject of threatening official censure as well as patronage. The persecution has only confirmed it to its founder. It has been kept going at the cost of much sacrifice. Into its ranks Mr. Tagore

has put not only the *Siksha* but the *Shiksha* system as his basis.

"I awoke early in the morning while the dawn was still but a tinge of light in the darkness. Outside there was sweet singing and I was told that every morning the school choir sang round the garden chanting hymns. The day is closed in the same way. For a quarter of an hour in the morning and the evening the boys sit in meditation. Twice a week they assemble in the chapel for common worship, and Rabindranath speaks to them and exhorts them to good living. They do all their own housework, even to their washing, and their clothes are washed. There used to be a manager, but they have severely disciplined with his services, and after from themselves a measure to do his work. One of the results is that in the past class of ten about a saving of a few days upon a month is being made. This practice of self-government runs throughout the school."

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## Poems of Life

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

### I.

#### AUTUMN.

Today the grace of autumn pervades the world,  
In the radiant noon, silent and motionless, the wide autumn seems like a bird  
spreading over the deserted fields on all barrens its wings of golden green.  
Today the thin thread of the river flows without song, leaving no mark on its sandy  
banks.

The many distant villages back in the sun with eyes closed in silent and languid  
slumber.

In the solitude I hear in every blade of grass, in every speck of dust, in every part  
of my own body, in the visible and invisible world, in the planets, the sun,  
and the stars, the joyous dance of the atoms through endless time—the myriad  
murmuring voices of rhythm answering. Thy dream.

—(Jinn.)

### II.

#### NOTHING LOST

I know that this life, making its epitaph as lives, is not altogether lost  
I know that the flowers that fade in the dawn, and streams that creeped in the  
dawn, are not altogether lost  
I know that whatever lags behind in life, laden with dreams is not altogether lost  
I know that my dreams that are still unfulfilled, and my wishes still unmet,  
are clinging to some last-strings of Time, and are not altogether lost.

—("Champak.")

### III.

#### WOMAN

O woman, you are not merely the handwork of God, but also of man: there are  
ever unfolding you with beauty from their own hearts.  
Paints are weaving for you a web with threads of golden imagery: painters are  
giving your form new new magnificence  
The sea gives its pearls, the sunsets their gold, the mountain gardens their flowers,  
to deck you, to adorn you, to make you more precious  
The desire of man's heart has shed its glory over your youth  
You are one half woman and one half dream

—("Champak.")



## IV

## IF, IF, THEN—

If the Deathless dwell not in the heart of Death,  
If glad wisdom knows, not heaving the death of sorrow,  
If we do not die of our own weakness,  
If pride break not under its load of dejection,  
Then whence comes the hope that drives these men from their human life into  
    "looking on their death in the morning light?"  
Shall the valor of the martyrs' blood and martyrs' tears be utterly lost in the dust  
of the earth, not leaving heaven with their souls?  
And when man hurls his mortal wounds is not the Boundless revealed that re-  
    surrects?

## V.

## A PRAYER

Life of my life, I shall now try to keep all selfishness out of my thoughts, knowing  
that there are that truth which has kindled the light of reason in my mind.  
I shall now try to drive all evil away from my heart and keep my love in heaven,  
knowing that there here thy seat is the sweet shrine of my heart.  
It shall be my endeavor to reveal thee in my action, knowing it is thy power that  
gives me strength to act.

## VI.

## A PRAYER

This is my prayer to thee, my Lord—write in the rest of the poetry  
to my heart.

Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.

Give me the strength to make my life fruitful in service.

Give me the strength never to discover the poor or hard my knees before in  
secret night.

Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles.

And give me the strength to surrender my strength in the will with love.

## VII

## A PRAYER

I know that at the end of some day the sun will send me that look upon me  
to bid me farewell.

The good wanderer will pass with his staff the salt tears by the seaports,

The cattle will graze on the slope of the river's bank,

The children will wander cheerfully play in their court-yards, and birds will sing.

But my days will never be theirs and

This is my prayer to thee, that I may leave before I leave,  
Why the green earth raised her eyes and called me in her arms.  
Why the silence of the night spoke to me of stars,  
And daylight started in my life glad apples —  
This is my prayer to thee.

When the time comes for me to go,  
Let me see thy face in the light of this life,  
And know that thou hast accepted the garden of beauty that was woven in my  
heart.

When the time comes for me to go.

—*The Modern Review*, Calcutta.

## Poems of Patriotism

By RAJENDRANATH TAGORE

## I

## INDIA'S PRAYER.

(Offered at the opening of one of the sessions of the Indian National Congress.)

Thou hast given us to live.

Let us uphold this honor with all our strength and will.

For Thy glory rests upon the glory that we are.

Therefore in Thy name we oppose the power that would plant its banner  
upon our soil.

Let us know that Thy light grows dim in the heart that begins its credit of  
knowledge.

That the life, when it becomes feeble, usually yields Thy Thine to survive.

For weakness is the traitor who betrays our soul.

Let this be our prayer to Thee—

Give us power to meet pleasure where it seduces us.

Make us strong that our worship may flower in love and love leads us work.

Make us strong that we may not credit the weak and the fallen.

That we may hold our lives high where all things around us are wronging the  
dust.

They fight and kill for selfishness, going in Thy name.

They fight for hunger that drives us broken folk,

They fight against Thy anger and will.

But let us stand firm and suffer with patience.

For the time, for the good, for the reward in Man.

For Thy Kingdom which is the union of hearts.

For the freedom which is of the soul.

Our voyage is begun, Captain,  
We live in Thine,  
The storm-birds and the waves are worked and wild,  
But we sail on.  
Let us not linger to look back for the lagging,  
Or bewail the quaking hearts with dread and doubt.  
For Thy time is our time and Thy battles is our war, and life and death are  
but Thy breath playing upon the eternities of life.  
Let us not wait our hearts away at pining small help and taking slow count  
of death.  
Let us know more than all else, that Thine art with us and we are Thine for  
ever.

## II.

## NATIONAL EDUCATION.

(*Read as a message by Mr. Tagore to the Society for the Promotion of National  
Education in India*)

The lamp is trimmed  
Comrades, bring your own fire to light it,  
For the call comes again to you to join the star pilgrim  
Crossing the dark to the shrine of sunrise.  
The day was when you went forth in your glad adventure of light  
And the star of hope shined in the sky and lit your homes.  
But in the dark descended you, left behind in the march  
And slept with your light upon you,  
While your dreams grew discordant  
Like the confused cries of night birds.  
Yet, though it is dark, and wind is in the trees  
Is like the wail of lost souls,  
Has not the breath of that prayer already touched your forehead  
Which comes from the past, unborn from age to age,  
"Lead me to Light from the dark,  
From death to Everlasting Life!"  
Sleepers, arise from your cups of dim delusion!  
And know, once more that you are children of Light.

## III.

## THE SONG OF INDIA

Maker of the minds of all people, Deponent of India's destiny —  
Thy name echoes the hearts of the English, Arab, Persian, Maratha,  
Of Dravid and Afghan and Bengali:

It echoes in the hills of the Vindhya and Himachya  
Mingles in the music of the Jannas and Ganges,  
And is charmed by the waves of the Indian Sea.  
They pray for thy grace and sing thy glory  
Thou Deponent of India's destiny,  
Victory to Thee!

Day and night, thy voice goes out from land to land,  
Calling the Hindu and Buddhist, Sikh and Jain around the shrine,  
And the Parsee, Mohammedan and Christian.  
The East and the West join hands in their prayers to Thee,  
And the garden of love is sown.  
Thou bringest the hearts of all people into the harmony of one life,  
Thou Deponent of India's destiny,  
Victory to Thee!

The procession of pilgrims passes over the endless road rugged with the war and  
bill of nations,  
And it resounds with the thunder of thy wheels, Eternal Chariot!  
Through the dark days of doom thy trumpet sounds, and men are led by Thee  
across death.  
Thy finger points the path of truth to all people,  
Deponent of India's destiny  
Victory to Thee!

The darkness was deep, and dense was the night  
My country lay in desolate places of woe  
But thy mother-arms were round her, and those eyes gazed upon her face, in dis-  
pelling love, through her hours of ghastly dooms.  
Thou bringest righteousness and relief to the people in their sorrow, thou De-  
ponent of India's destiny  
Victory to Thee!

The night falling the light breaks over the peaks of the eastern hills;  
The birds begin to sing, the morning breeze moves the leaves of new life  
The eyes of Thy people have reached the waking land with their blessing  
Victory to Thee, King of Kings!  
Deponent of India's destiny,  
Victory to Thee!



increased regulations, but to get their own mind and make their own sacrifice to secure the new age which is to give order to our new national life.

#### INDIAN EDUCATION CRIPPLED

On June 15th (Tue) Dr. Tagore delivered an address at the Indian Students' Union in London on "Educational Repression in India," in which he protested against the present educational system imposed upon the Indian people by these foreign rulers, which aims, he declared, to rob Indian culture, to push Indian history and thought to one side, and to inhibit all schools, from the primary to the university, after the same models. With especial severity he condemned the present system of education "through the English language,—a foreign tongue alien to the masses and life of India." It has hampered real progress, he affirmed, "cramped organization, and tended to create a stilted, conventional mentality. It is a hard-headed egg out of which a living chicken can never grow. The finest and most natural medium of culture in the subcontinent—a fact to which all progressive nations bear witness: India alone in the whole world is an unfortunate country whose education is denied to the people

in these modes of study."

The feeling expressed by Dr. Tagore is wide spread in India, that the nation has been seriously injured by having no education (such education as is allowed to it by the Government) so in great a degree "foreignised", by having its own indigenous culture in language, religion and expression, by having its own excellent languages, several of which possess valuable literature, so in large an extent crowded out of all higher consideration of learning and by being compelled to a system to receive its scientific, historical and literary knowledge in almost exclusively through a tongue not its own.

What can this state of things be remedied? None, so long as the country is ruled by foreigners, who possess all power and therefore are able to shape everything with their own ends in view. Not until the Indian people shows the power of self-direction, can they hope to build up a system of education which will do for India what Japanese education is doing for Japan, namely, elevating the nation on the basis of its own strong genius, instead of seeking to make it a nation of learners and worklings.

## News in Brief

Judge Ranjiv, the father of the up-pressor and misappropriating Barletti Act, has been decorated by King George with the insignia of the Knight Commander of the Star of India.

In the British House of Commons debate on the Punjab atrocities, General Durrani, who spoke in defence of General Dyer, declared that "if a pluck-

ier were taken in India today the white divil of the British from India would be decapitated by an overwhelming majority."

It is interesting to see how readily Dr. Tagore is being misled and deceived in the world, and once he is in any language he has wrongs are being broadcast. He has said that there is no culture in that

new hymnal translation, as the "Gita-yaj" have been made in South America, say by a Chilean scholar and the other by a scholar in Bolivia, and that a Spanish translation of the "Gita" has been made in Mexico.

Some of our readers will be surprised to learn that Dr. Handberg, our Mission Editor, is busy on an extended lecture tour, in which he will tell the story of India's struggle for freedom in a chain of twenty or more cities, beginning with Rochester and Buffalo and extending through Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis to the Pacific Coast, and back to Indianapolis, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and Washington, reaching New York about January 15.

Distinct changes in the aims and methods of the two most powerful political bodies in India today, the All India Home Rule League and the Indian National Congress, have just been effected. At a meeting of the Executive Council of the All India Home Rule League, the name of the organisation was changed to *Swarajya Sabha* or Self-Dependent League, and the objects were defined as the attainment of national self-determination "by legitimate and peaceful means," whether "within or without the British Empire." The change in the constitution of the Indian National Congress which is proposed by the All India Congress Committee, will come up for discussion at the Christmas meeting of the Congress delegates. It is along the same line as that of the Home Rule League "for does one can raise any problem (as I have formerly did) defining India's connection with the British Empire."

The Indian Press throughout the country looks upon the changes favourably, as indicating the line of action to be taken by Indian polemicists, in place of their former call of "self-government within the British Empire."

Commenting on the changes, Mr. M. K. Ghosh, who is the foremost political leader of the country at the present time, and is President of the Self-Dependent League, says:

"Whatever the methods of attaining freedom for our country, I refuse to make a fetish of them, as I refuse to make a fetish of the British Constitution."

A Blue Book issued by the Health Department of Calcutta Corporation states that the number of deaths registered during the last year was 23,879 or at 1 per thousand. This is the highest death rate ever recorded in Calcutta. Cholera, Small pox and influenza were all prevalent in an epidemic form and were largely responsible for the heavy rise in general mortality.

As a protest against the recent decision of the Government of India to allow the export of 400,000 tons of wheat to England, the workers of the city of Bombay, at a large mass meeting, passed a resolution asking the government to prohibit food export because of the severe shortage of foodstuffs all over the country, and the threat of famine. The committee also recommended the dock labourers of Bombay to refuse to handle foodstuffs for export. This action is similar to that of British dock labourers in refusing to handle opium for shipment to Russia.

The Government of India has established a Bureau, at the cost of £9,000 a year, to "counteract Bolshevist propaganda" in India. At the head of the official campaign to picture "the evil" which might come upon India under a Bolshevik regime, Mr. Edmund Candler, well known in publicity circles, has been appointed, to take charge of the propaganda. A feature of the campaign will be the use of motion pictures. The Government is planning to use portable lanterns in all of the bazzars throughout the country.

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The annual convention of university presidents of the United States which held its sessions in Washington, D. C., passed a resolution recommending to the universities throughout the country to institute scholarships for Indian students. President LeRoy Burton of the University of Michigan made special efforts to bring the resolution before the convention. We extend our thanks to the Convention and to President Burton.

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Following serious disturbances in Assam (a district in Bengal) on account of disputes arising between the workers and planters on the tea plantations a political conference was held at which a program of action was formed which pledged the people to oppose all imperial preference, and to encourage trade in Indian raw materials with friendly countries outside of the British Empire. It urged the withdrawal of all Indian money from British banks and all Indian labor from industrial concerns supported by British management. Along with the plan for boycotting the articles of luxury imported from the United Kingdom was proposed another, to or-

ganize home industry in every village, in order to supply the people with the necessities of life. Assam is the greatest stronghold of British tea planters in India.

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The Indian Merchants Chamber and Bureau of Bombay, which represents 98 firms and 4 associations, has declared that it does not wish to be represented in the Provincial Government Councils, and that all persons in Bombay who seek candidatures in spite of the decision, will not be representing the wishes of the electoral community, which does not desire to be represented until the grievances of the nation will be redressed.

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As a constructive development of the program in the non-cooperation-with-the-government policy of withdrawal from courts of Indian lawyers, a scheme has been completed of arbitration courts. The scheme will be put into operation shortly in Delhi, where courts set up will be jointly under the control of the nationalists and will be of five kinds, the divisions depending on the nature of cases brought up for arbitration.

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More than one million dollars has been levied on the people of the Punjab by the Government of India for grants to the European community who suffered damages in the Punjab disturbances of last year. The grants allotted to Indians for their far greater sufferings, amount to no more than a few thousands. This is an illustration of British justice in India.

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An institution named the Swaraj Ashram has been established in Lahore for the training of young men for national service.